

# The North-countrie Maids resolution & love to her Sweet heart.

Her Daddy and Mammyshe'l rather forsake,  
Then be seperated from her loving Mate:  
She sold all her Linnen, her Goods and her Geer  
And followe her Sweet-heart his Snapfack to bear.  
To a pleasant new Northern Tune.



As from Newcastle I did passe,  
I heard a blithe and bonny Lasse,  
Who in the Scottish Army was,  
Saying, prethee le me gang with the man,  
Unto a Cavaliero Blade,  
As I suppose, her moan she made,  
For eber more these words she said,  
He followe my Cavalilly man,  
O my dainty Cavalilly man,  
My fennikin Cavalilly man,  
For Gods Cause and the Protestants,  
I prethee le me gang with thee man.

Sweet-heart, quoth she, if thou'nt consent,  
To followe thee my minde is bent,  
I'll strive to give thee all content,  
Then prethee le me gang with thee man;  
I'll sell my Rock and eke my Kail,  
And after that my Spinning wheel,  
To buy my Love a Cyp of Speel,  
And followe my Cavalilly man:  
O my dainty, &c.

My Uncle gave me a House and Land,  
I'll sell't for money out of hand,  
And all shall be at thy command,  
Then prethee le me gang with thee man:  
My Mammie gave me a Pot and a Pan,

My Dady gave me a Pew and a Lamb,  
Pet I's forsake my Dady and Mam,  
To followe my Cavalilly man:  
O my dainty, &c.

I'll pawn my Kirtle and eke my Colone,  
Which cost my Mother many a Crowne  
And goe with thee from Town to Town,  
Then prethee le me gang with thee Man:  
I'll sell my Petticoat from my back,  
My Smock and all ere thou halt lack,  
For either Money War, or Sack:  
Then prethee le me goe with thee man,  
O my dainty, &c.

Thy company I love so deere,  
Then rather then I'll tarry here,  
Thy Snapfack on my back I'll beare  
And followe my Cavalilly man,  
I'll sell off all my Trump and Pards,  
And throw aside my bowll and Cards,  
To march along from gards to gards,  
Then prethee le me goe with thee man,  
O my dainty Cavalilly man,  
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For Gods Cause and the Protestants,  
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O my dainty, &c.

Thy company I love so deere,  
Then rather then I'll tarry here,  
Thy Snapfack on my back I'll beare  
And followe my Cavalilly man,  
I'll sell off all my Hemp and Pards,  
And throw aside my bowll and Cards,  
To march along from gards to gards,  
Then prethee le me goe with thee man,  
O my dainty Cavalilly man,  
My fennikin Cavalilly man,  
For Gods Cause and the Protestants,  
prethee le me gang with thee man.





The second part,

to the same tune:



Whatsoever shall of my selfe betide,  
Where thou shalt either goe or ride,  
Throughout the Kingdom far and wide,  
I'll follow my Cavalilly man:  
I neither care for dirt nor mire,  
For marches long my legs to tire,  
Thy company I most desire,  
When prethee le me goe with thee man,  
O my dainty Cavalilly man;  
My finikin Cavalilly man,  
For Gods Cause and the Protestants,  
I prethee le me goe with thee man.

For hose and shoes thou's want for hean,  
Though thy Apparell be but mean,  
I's wash thee wel and keep thee clean,  
When prethee le me go with thee man:  
Thou shalt have cleath to make thee a sark  
That every yerd shall cost a Mark.  
And whether it fall be light or darke,  
I'll follow my Cavalilly man,  
O my dainty, &c.

Give me thy Musket in my hand.  
And when thy Captain gives command,  
Upon the Centry I will stand,  
In stead of my Cavalilly man:  
I'm not afraid of Pistol shot,  
For Cannon bullets burning hot,  
Since that it is my happy lot,  
To follow my Cavalilly man,  
O my dainty, &c.

Entered according to Order.

Whilst drums are beating loud alarms  
I will be ready in thine arms,  
To keep my love from further harms,  
To follow my Cavalilly man,  
In frost, in snow, in hail, and raine,  
Ore Hill, and Dale, and many aaine,  
I'll follow thee through all theaine,  
When prethee le me goe with thee man,  
O my dainty, &c.

And when the Wars are at an end,  
That I's return heam with my friend,  
I'll worke for means for thee to spend,  
When prethee le me goe with thee man,  
I'll buy thee new Apparell gay,  
To wear upon thy Wedding day,  
When doe not hinder me I pray,  
To follow my Cavalilly man.  
O my dainty,

The Soldier hearing of her mean,  
Was loath to leave her all alean,  
And she along with him is gear,  
To follow her Cavalilly man:  
She vows that he his part will take,  
And though her life were laid at stake,  
She'l rather die then him forsake,  
To follow her Cavalilly man.  
O my dainty Cavalilly man,  
My finikin Cavalilly man,  
For Gods Cause and the Protestants,  
I prethee le me gang with thee man.

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